

## Deathless

# "Killed By The Hypnotic Bastard"

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twas like a maelstrom with a notch that nearer every  
day kept narrowing its boiling wheel  
until the agony  
toyed coolly with the final inch of your delirious hem  
and you dropped lost when  
something broke and let  
you from a dream as if a goblin with a gauge kept  
measuring the hours until you felt the  
seconds weigh  
helpless in his paws and not a sinew stirred could help  
and sense was setting numb when  
god remembered  
and the fiend let go - overcome it was not death for you  
stood up and all the dead lie down  
it was not frost  
for on your flesh i saw siroccos crawl nor fire for just  
your marble feet could keep a  
chancel cool and yet it  
tasted like them all as if your sentence stood  
pronounced and you were frozen led from  
dungeons luxury  
of doubt to gibbets and the dead and when the film  
had stitched your eyes a creature  
gasp'd retrieve which  
anguish was the utterest then - to perish or to life for  
breath is warm and yours was all but  
doomed nor dark surrounds for all the bells put out  
their tongues for noon and yet it tasted  
like them all the  
figures i have seen set orderly for burial reminded me  
of mine killed by the hypnotic  
bastard drowned in  
his own sleep a god of useless meditation a carcass of  
the soul of man with fodder from  
the mouth of ages

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